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Volume 1

Number 8 *The Iowa Homemaker* vol.1, no.8

Article 7

1921

"La Chambre D'Ami" in An Iowa Home

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Recommended Citation

Murphy, Eda Lord (1921) ""La Chambre D'Ami" in An Iowa Home," *The Iowa Homemaker*: Vol. 1 : No. 8 , Article 7.
Available at: <http://lib.dr.iastate.edu/homemaker/vol1/iss8/7>

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In many cases it is more economical to buy the larger sized cans. Figuring on the basis of the cost per can, the larger can may be cheaper altho the initial cost is more. For example a small 6 ounce can of milk sells for 8 cents, while the tall, or 16 ounce can, sells for 16 cents. Figuring the cost per ounce, the milk in the tall can sells for one-fourth of a cent less per ounce than the milk in the small can. By purchasing one tall can of milk for 16 cents the purchaser will have a clear gain of 4 ounces of milk or two-thirds the contents of the small can.

Number 10 cans, containing one gallon, are very convenient to use where a large number of people are to be served. Open-

ing a large number of cans with a can opener is no easy task. It is much easier to open a few gallon cans than a dozen number 3 cans.

It is easier to estimate the number of servings which can be obtained for any given sized can if one has some idea of the number of slices or stalks contained in the can. The housewife can obtain this data if she will take a moment to note the number on the can and the number of pieces in every can which is opened. It is convenient to know that a number 2 can of pineapple usually contains 8 slices, and a number 2½ can of apricots contains about twenty-five halves. The number of pieces or stalks

will naturally vary with the different sizes and grades. For example, in a number 2½ square can of asparagus there are usually 20 stalks, mammoth size, 30 stalks large size, 40 stalks medium size or 50 stalks small size. If the can contains tips instead of stalks the count will run about one-third more for each size.

A general knowledge of what is in a can will result in an actual saving in dollars and cents. Moreover, the satisfaction which will come with the ability to order canned goods so that you will get what you want, will be a liberal reward for the time spent.

“La Chambre D’Ami” in An Iowa Home

By EDA LORD MURPHY, Associate Professor of Home Economics

THIS PHRASE, which the French use to indicate the guest room, implies a number of things not included in our matter-of-fact English. It seems to imply that a room has been especially prepared for one's friend the guest; prepared, with loving care and thought.

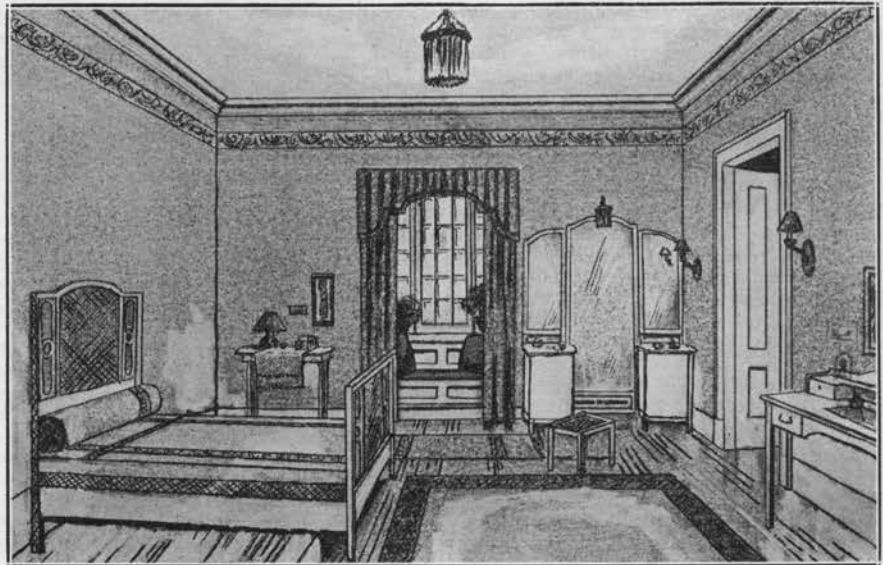
One thinks of the times in the average home, when this preparation has been made with characteristic American rush and hurry. While brother goes to the station to meet the visitor (and drives home by the longest route according to orders) mother and daughter run to the room that can most quickly be transformed into “the guest room.” By removing father's dress suit, mother's best gown, sister's party dress and summer hats, and by dumping the contents of the top bureau drawer into a sheet, the room can be made at least presentable. Some one runs to the bathroom to gather an armful of crumpled towels and hang up a few fresh ones and the average hostess in the average home feels fairly virtuous and proud of her quick service.

This is to be the true story of a guest room—not in France, not even in Wisconsin—but right here, in our own Iowa. It is the story of the kind of guest room that might be found in any of our homes if only we had the same ideas of hospitality.

It is quite impossible to separate the story of the guest room from its owner—the hostess. For she considers the guest room one of the means to the great end of making her friend welcome and happy. To be sure it is only one of the means, for if possible she meets the train, even if it arrives late at night as trains with guests sometimes do.

This is the technique of the procedure which is so artfully done that one has only the sense of welcome. When you all come into the house, husband invariably pokes the fire and draws the chairs closer to it. After a few minutes of visiting he says he is hungry, whereupon wife goes to the kitchen and returns with a tray of sandwiches and glasses of creamy milk or cocoa or fruit. The guest admits that she really was hungry though if she had been asked, she would have denied it. That's the beauty of it—she wasn't asked.

Then the hostess goes with her to her room and—probably—while they continue their feminine chatter the bed spread is



Where the Appointments of the Guest Room Betoken the Hospitality of the Hostess

being carefully folded, the down quilt adjusted, and the covers turned down. (Oh luxury of luxuries. How often have I done it myself and pretended later that Nannette, a mythical maid, had given me this subtle attention!) After tiptoeing in to see the sleeping cherubs, there are “good nights,” many platitudes about “so glad to have you” and “so glad to be here” and the guest is left alone. She goes to the closet to find her poor coat a hook and when she gets there the closet is bare, except for hangers and a comfy kimona and slippers!

The adjoining bathroom is found to be remarkable only for these facts. It contains a bathmat (costing a dollar perhaps, but a luxury never-the-less). There are assorted towels, smooth or rough, large or small. In the medicine case there are small, new bottles of lotions, new jars of creams, small packages of toothpastes and powders, tooth brushes, dental floss, a scrubbing brush and soaps of all kinds. It was like the entrance to a doll's beauty parlor and inspires one to use flinger tips and the rotary motion.

They say that Bishops, dear itinerants,

know better than anyone else the horror of “spare bedrooms” and that housekeepers ought to be required to sleep in the guest room bed once a year, at least. It can't be said of all of them that they are smooth and flat and soft and that the covers are both warm and light, and snowy white. Nor is there always a bedside table with low, shaded light and a new magazine.

The bureau proved to hold no less an interesting collection of comforts than the medicine cabinet. There were pins, white, black, colored, safety and invisible, powder, perfume (of an obviously exquisite sort) toilet paper, and all the things one plans to have in her week end bag. But more touching than any of the pins and perfumes was the fact that the bureau drawers were empty. This really seemed to prove that the hosts had been looking forward to a real visit and that the guest might unpack and settle down comfortably.

These articles, discovered one by one, inspired letters. Imagine the sensation of finding more forethought in the concrete. There were new pens, sharp pen-

cils, erasers, rubber bands, clips, paper, envelopes, stamps, even postal cards—in short, every inducement to write.

It was natural, to speak of the perfection of the appointments of that guest

room. There were beams of satisfaction principally on the countenance of the husband. (It is just like a man to think of all those tiny details!) And there were explanations by the hostess that she had determined, in her youth, to have

all the comforts of home in every corner of her house.

It was so largely a question of brains mixed with friendship that it seemed eminently desirable and worthy of imitation.

“Looking In” on Home Economics at Iowa State

By AN ALUMNA

A TYPICAL campus breeze carried me up the path from the car line and around the corner of Agricultural Hall, swirled sidewise for a moment to dash some withered leaves from a clambering vine and left on the white stone wall a sheer network of slender brown branches splashed with tiny scarlet tipped leaves.

I clutched at my hat.

Two years of absence from the campus had not dulled my very sincere respect for that breeze. It had carried me to more than one eight o'clock years ago, and more than once when my destination and it's direction had not been parallel, it had left me breathless and tardy outside the door of the Home Economics building. In fact, we used to say that, if on a very windy day our class building lay in direction of the wind, all we needed to do to get there quickly was to let go our grip on the campus sod, and then, of course, we had to clutch on to something stationary to stop ourselves when we arrived.

The Campanile striking one o'clock roused me from my reverie. Just then a crowd of girls with a long low-heeled, wide-toed stride swung by me and went around the corner of Agricultural Engineering building. Another group wearing short skirts and white sweaters and carrying golf balls came toward me from Margaret Hall. I felt, for the moment, a little bit old and very much just what I was—an alumni of two years standing, back on the campus with just four hours to find out what the tea room looked like, what the latest gym sport was, who was teaching “scrub lab” now, and all the other things I'd been wondering about for two years.

I started my own flat heeled brogues at a more rapid pace, put my black leather purse under my arm where my note book used to be, thrust my hands down where my sweater pockets would have been if my two by three, tailored suit pockets had not been there, and started in for a more thrilling four hours than I had had since my first Iowa-Ames game.

It didn't take me thirty minutes of those four hours to come to the conclusion that old mother Home Economics at Iowa State was simply outgrowing her shoe. Her children were getting so numerous that they were leaving home and settling down in any unoccupied space that could be found for them near at hand. I had heard about the great increase in the number of girls attending Iowa State in the last two years; I had glimpsed from the car line the three new lodges which had been built last year to take care of the new girls, and I knew that some private houses had been fitted up as dormitories this year.

It had not occurred to me, however, to wonder just what “Home Economics”

was doing about it all until Miss Walls, who is now acting dean of the department, told me that home economics classes were being held in eight buildings besides the home economics building, and that 56 more students were enrolled in the department this year than last year at the same time.

The surprising thing about it all was that with 810 home economics students, including 341 freshmen, 284 sophomores, 95 juniors, 35 seniors and 13 graduate students besides several dozen faculty members, and only one building and three small art studios to put them all in, the work seemed to be going as smoothly as in the old days when there had been an occasional corner to spare.

“If the physical training department increases every year as it has the last two years,” an instructor told me laughing when I stopped in the gymnasium for a look around, “we'll have to offer more out of door sports for there won't be room for them here. Instead of there being the usual number of about twenty, there are eighty girls in this dancing class,” she continued nodding at the rows and rows of girls in clinging costumes of pastel shades of rose and brown and green who were “grand battement”-ing on the floor just then, under the direction of Mrs. Gaessler. Then she told me that two classes were being offered this year in heavy apparatus and that 40 girls were enrolled in the large

est class. Two years ago there had been only one class and only about 30 in that one.

Miss Tilden told me later about the forming of the new department of hygiene in the physical training department this year and how the freshman girls were being given a medical examination by hospital physicians and nurses besides the usual physical examination. “Yes,” said a little freshman girl who had been talking with us at the time, “When we freshmen girls get to taking senior sewing we aren't going to have the double fainting spells that the girls have in that class now.”

“Double fainting spells?” I asked curiously.

“Yes,” she laughed. “The seniors are making dress forms in that class and they say they almost faint twice while they are making them—once when they stand and have them fitted, (bad standing posture) and again when they see the finished duplicates of themselves (crooked spines and flat chests)” she finished and we all joined in the laugh which followed.

A glimpse into the locker room showed me a bedlam of flying towels, bathing caps, dripping hair and hustling girls. Two years ago I had dressed for class calmly and leisurely with a whole locker and a dressing room to myself. But now with three girls taking clothes from one locker, and not half enough dressing



Home Economics Building
The Shoe Which Old Mother Home Economics at Iowa State is so Fast Outgrowing